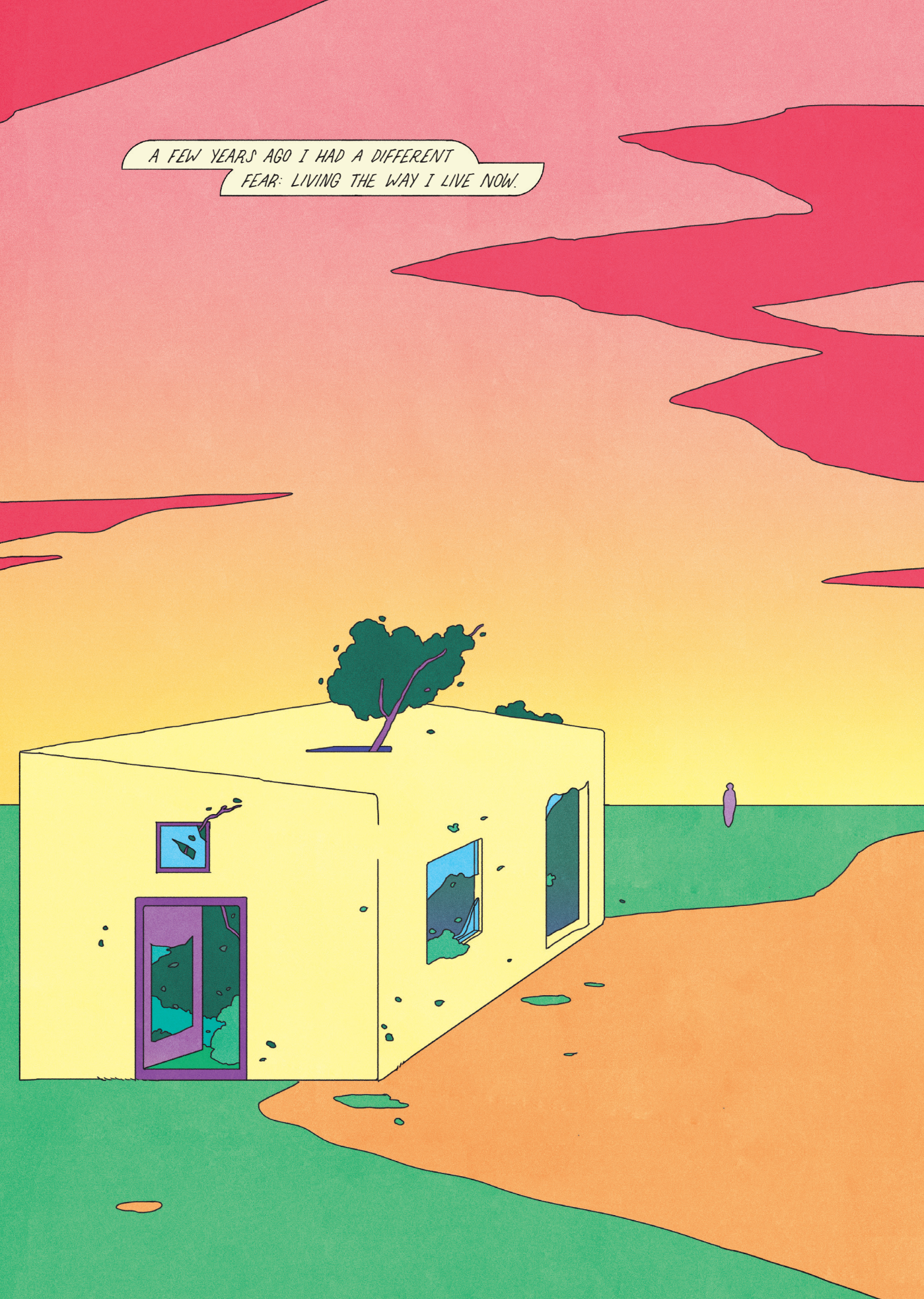


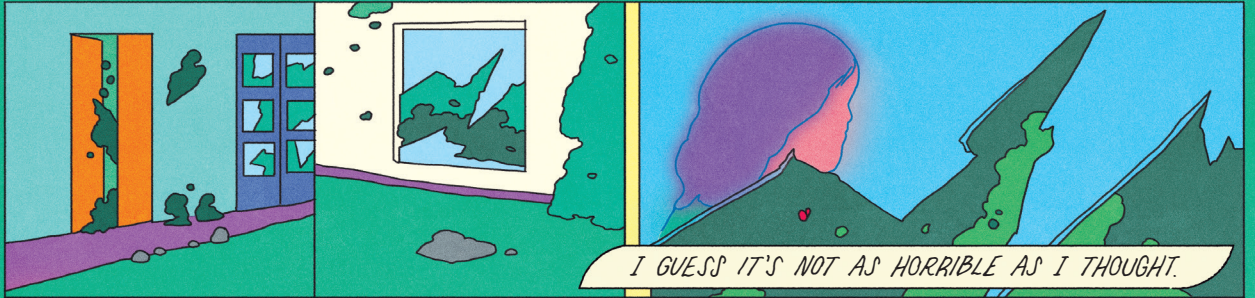
TODAY I HAVE THE SAME PROBLEM AS YESTERDAY.

IT SEEMS IT WON'T BE SOLVED ANYTIME SOON.

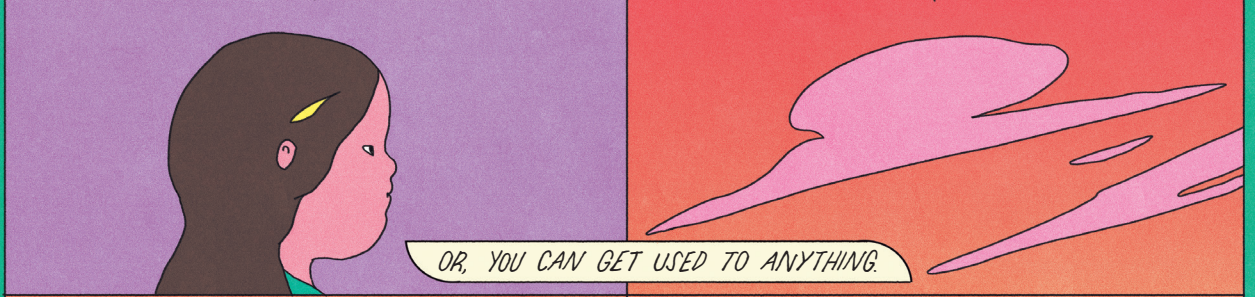
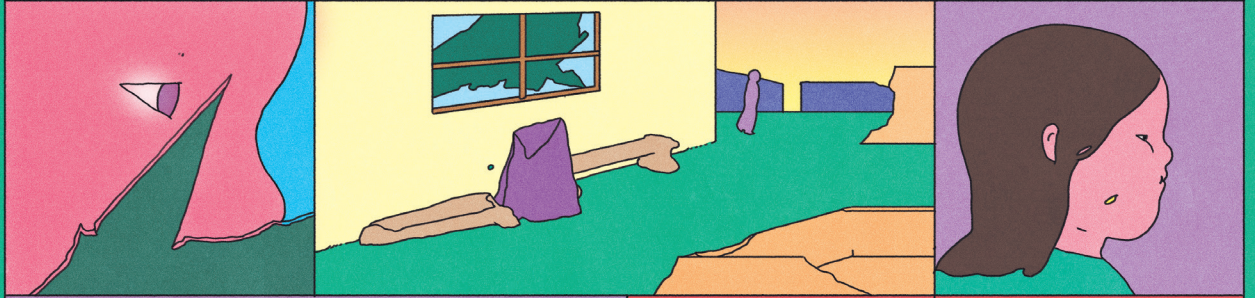
A FEW YEARS AGO I HAD A DIFFERENT
FEAR: LIVING THE WAY I LIVE NOW.



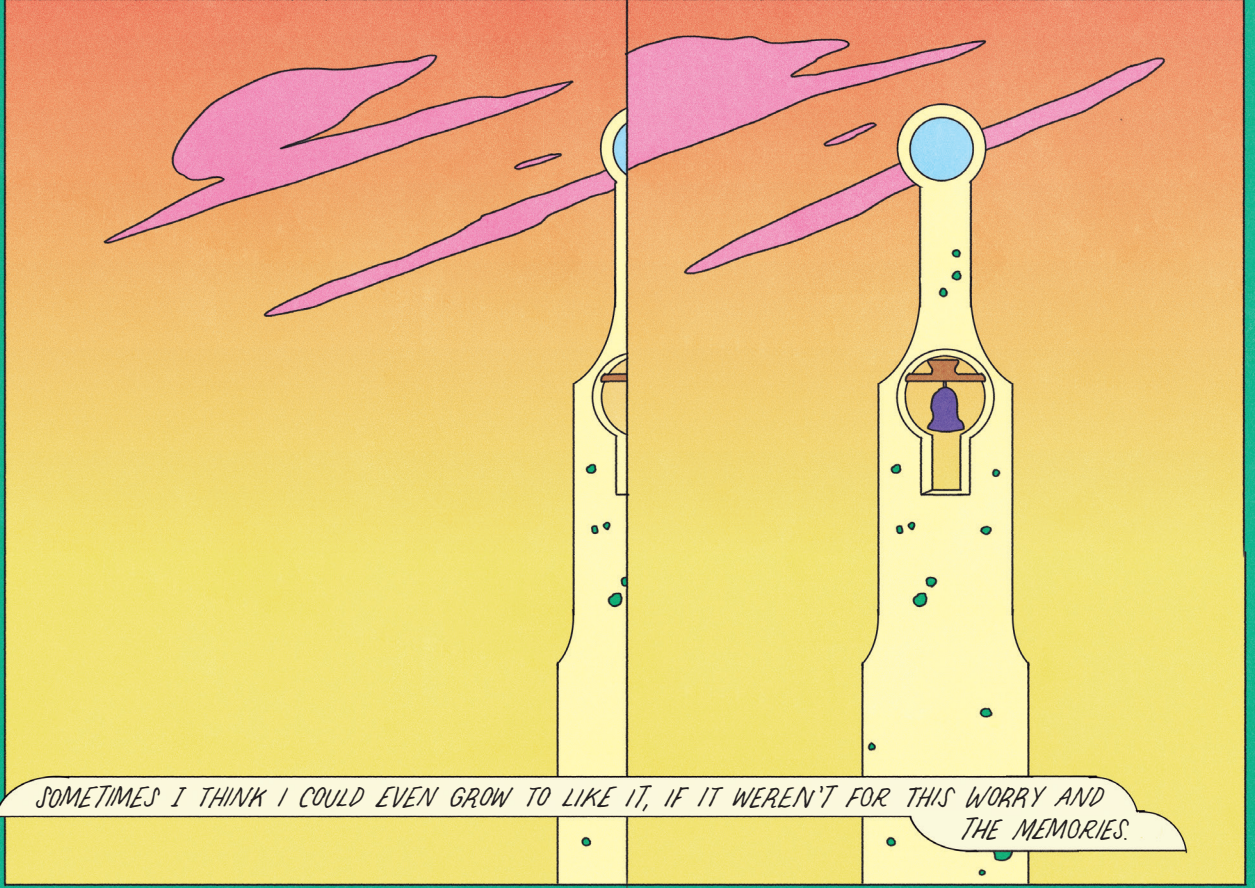




I GUESS IT'S NOT AS HORRIBLE AS I THOUGHT.

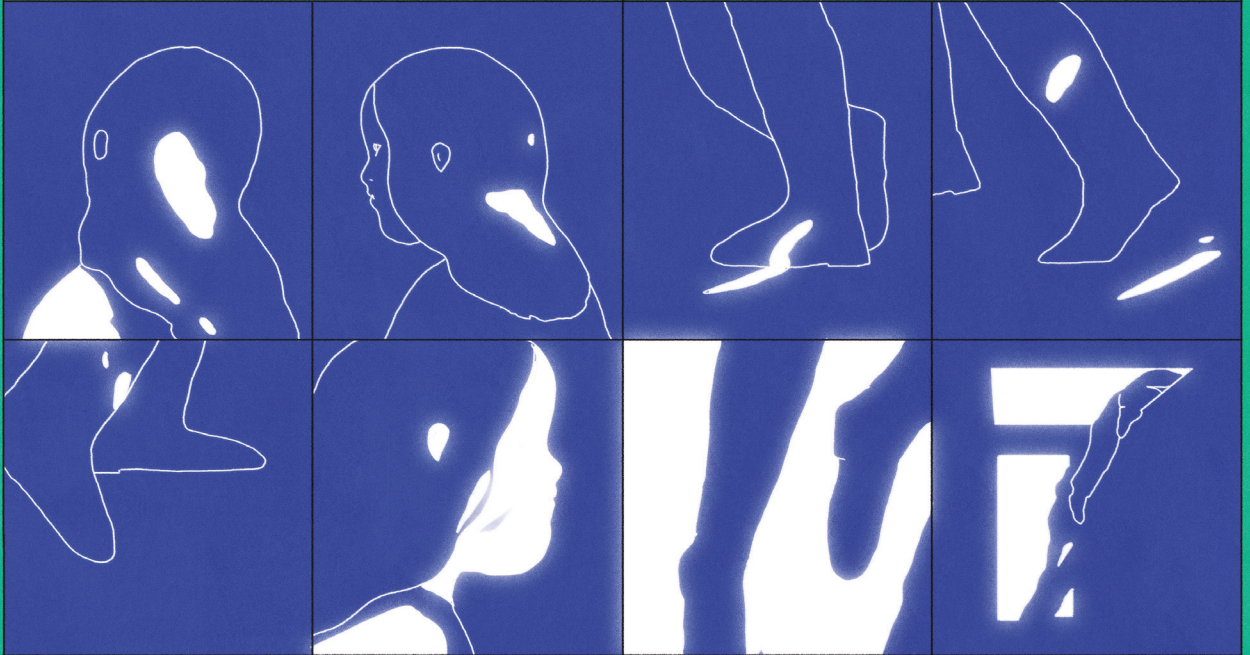
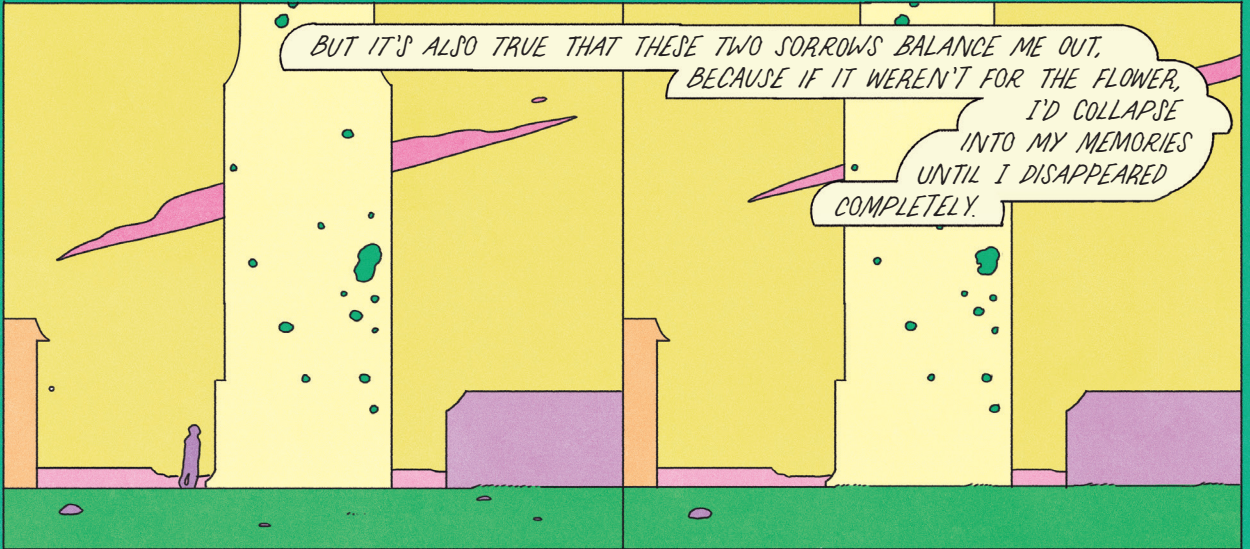


OR, YOU CAN GET USED TO ANYTHING.

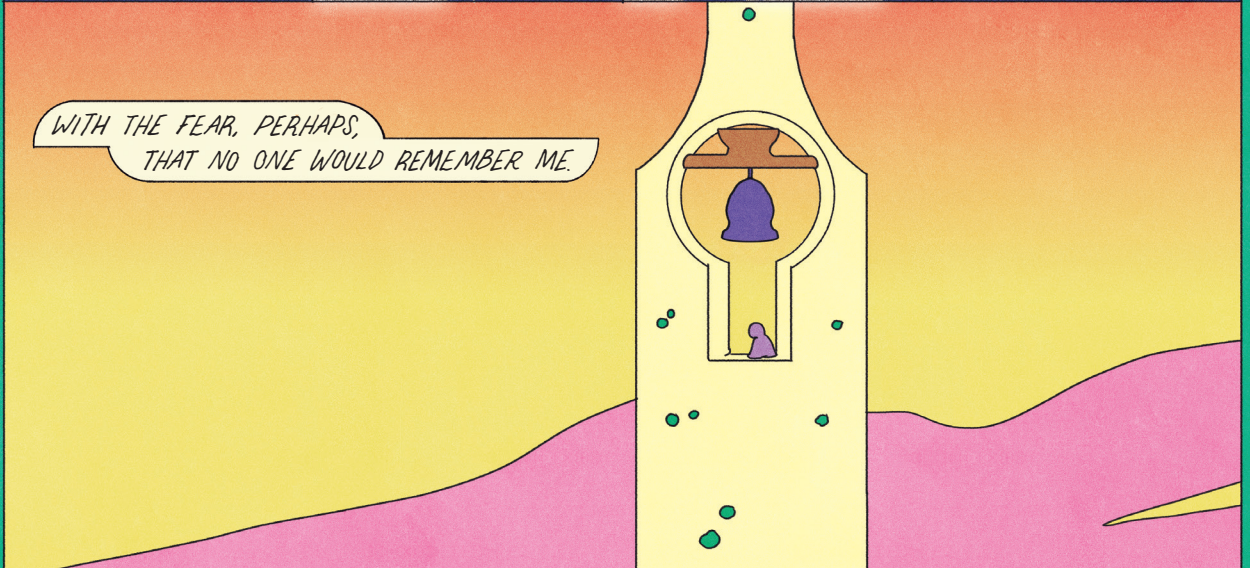


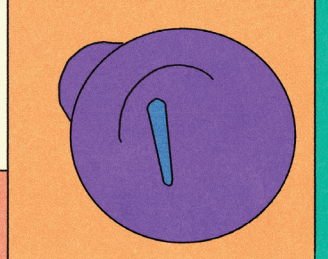
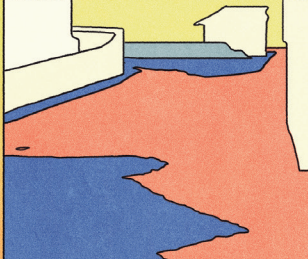
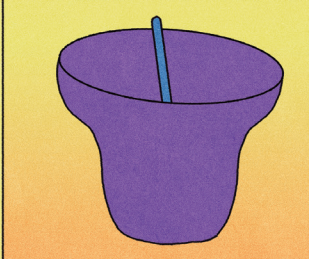
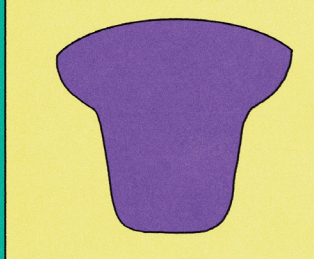
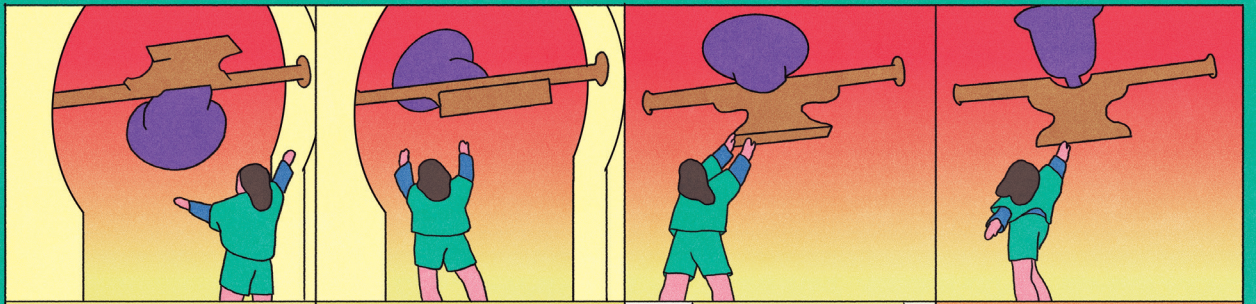
SOMETIMES I THINK I COULD EVEN GROW TO LIKE IT, IF IT WEREN'T FOR THIS WORRY AND THE MEMORIES.

BUT IT'S ALSO TRUE THAT THESE TWO SORROWS BALANCE ME OUT,
BECAUSE IF IT WEREN'T FOR THE FLOWER,
I'D COLLAPSE INTO MY MEMORIES
UNTIL I DISAPPEARED COMPLETELY.

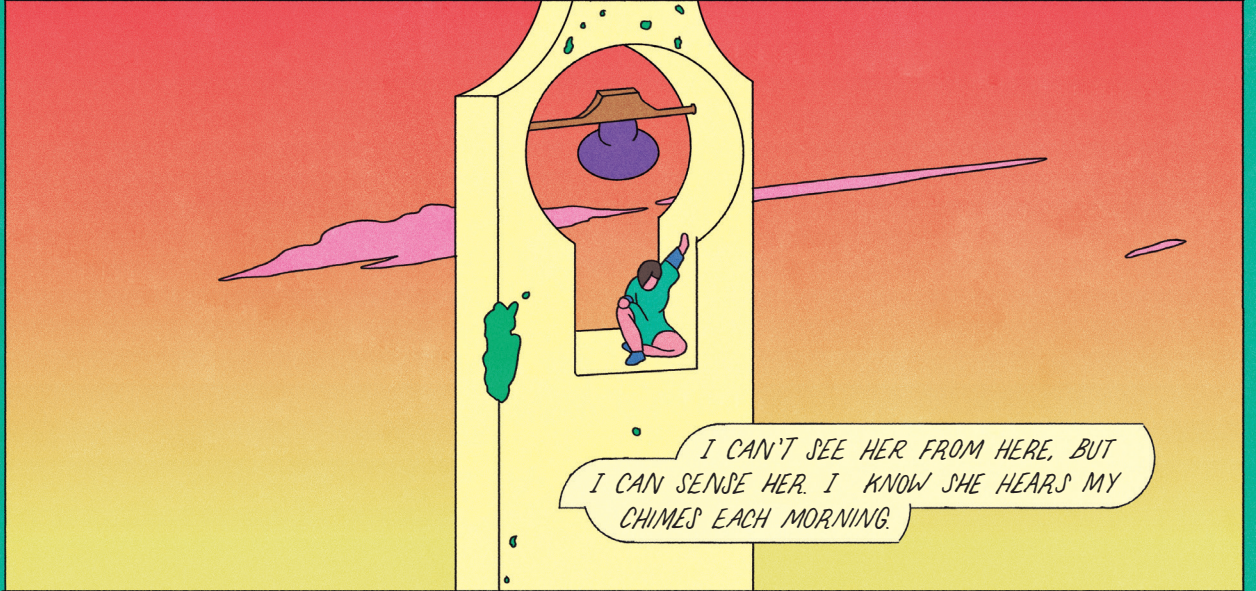
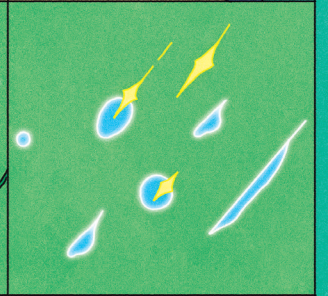
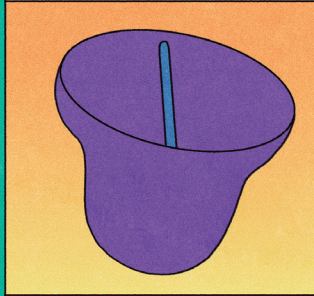
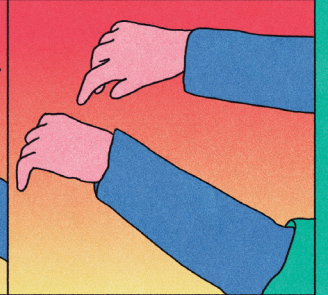
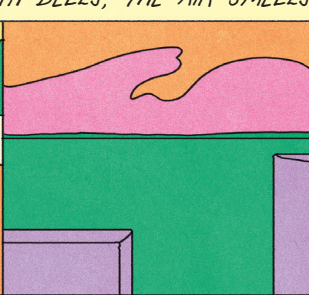


WITH THE FEAR, PERHAPS,
THAT NO ONE WOULD REMEMBER ME.

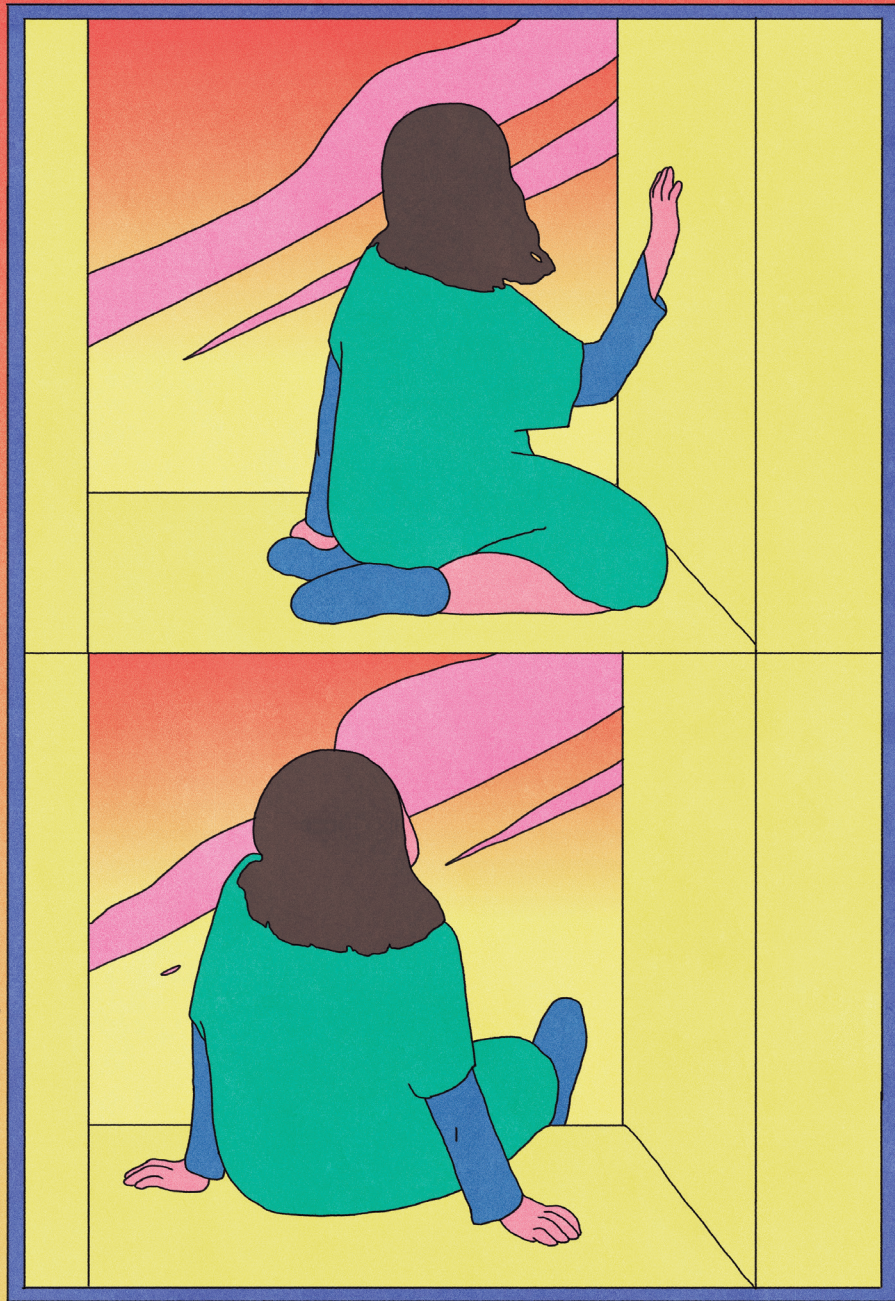




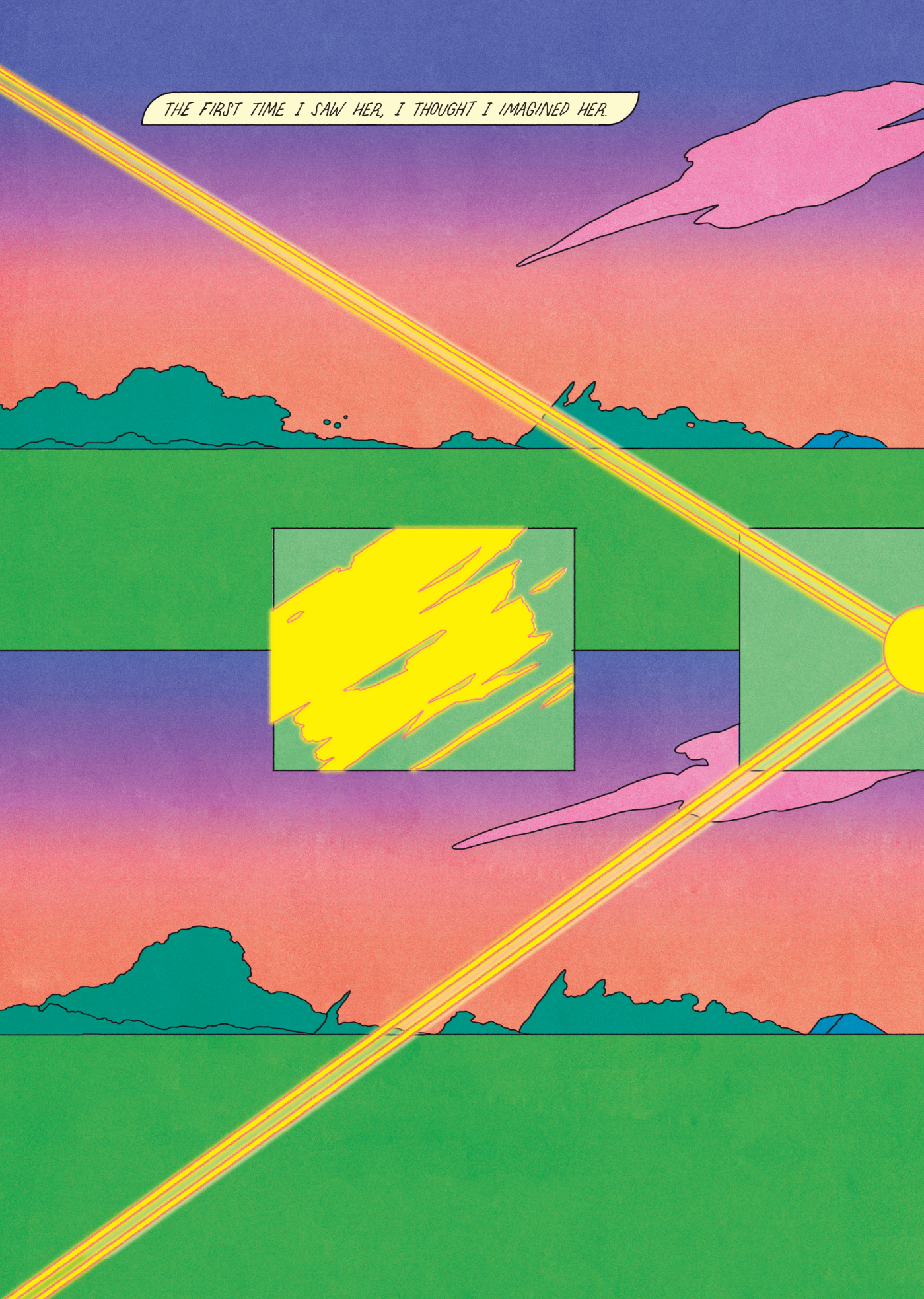
FILLED WITH BELLS, THE AIR SMELLS DIFFERENT.




I CAN'T SEE HER FROM HERE, BUT I CAN SENSE HER. I KNOW SHE HEARS MY CHIMES EACH MORNING.



THE FIRST TIME I SAW HER, I THOUGHT I IMAGINED HER.





I THOUGHT IT WAS THE WATER PLAYING TRICKS
WITH THE LIGHT, EXCEPT THERE WAS NO WATER.



NO...



NOT A REFLECTION.

A FLOWER.

